

D.R.U.G.S

Iggy Azalea

Tire marks, tire marks, finish line with the fire marks
When the relay starts Im a runaway slave-master
Shittin on the past gotta spit it like a pastor
After, bash her, did it like doe like dasher, faster-motorbike faster
Iggy gotta get a bitch watch for my rapture
White bitch go, bout to blow like the wind
Penthouse too roof top at the wind
When I win, when I win I win, no when I wid em they good like shin
Got hoes on call, got hoes on call to come through take a pro-to-call
Just damagin thats my protocol
Dismantle ya, Australians on Slauson, no camera, I dont care who you are
No condom rap gotta give it to you raw
Pitchfork point better pass me the joint
Gotta twist this beat Ima sprang my joint
Straight crack rock, go to the pop-pop
Pumo jiggy rap city, no tiggy - yeah shorty do illa Im raw no digga
Whats my muthafuckin name its Iggy not Jiggy
Dont compare me to her, throw the b*tch in the ditch
Ruff ruff ho, kill the bitch I'm vick
Sewed the game up stapled up in a stitch
Click-click pow D.R.U.G.S. gang, my clique
Look at my heels LV on it, ignorant art, everybody on it
Everybody want it, 666 got a three car garage driveway be the omen
Boss like Cowen?
Hate me, Chordz 3D cant see me
Pockets better than a H3, I dont see you like mace-me, ugh
D.R.U.G.S - click oh and we on - hater
On these hoes hairs no activator, whores fuck up when he activate-her
Cuz Im goin out with my hand raised
Bout to smack, smack, smack till my hand cave
On the bitch May, honey Im paid, Ima get laid fuck yer man cave
Ya act like ya girl be real, son
Kinda spaced-out you b*tches be duckin
Better than ya girl, than the best, make the competition rest
Unless its sex no less, Ima fuck a ho game Im best
With my strap on, my vibrator, bout to Bust-a-Rhyme, no violator
Course no, Ima feel myself
Im a masturbator like uh uh uh uh-fuck me, fuck me
Now Im off beat, my head hurts, I murk shit, I gets paper

Wash my mouth, I curse like a sailor - bitch!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>